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MR. EVANS

FOR

THE PRESIDENCY.

To the People of the United States:

I offer myself for this august position. Let there be an open field, and the election no longer managed and controlled by Politicians, apt, often, to be tainted, more or less, with knavery; and, if the step I am here taking be termed eccentric, let the *hackneyed* charge, so narrow and peccant, pass for all it is worth. But it should be borne in mind that the times tend to *tangency*, and there may be needed a corresponding course in candidacy. Suppose a party, in a democratic State, were, in its corruptions and power, overriding her liberties, there might be occasion for a DICTATORSHIP; and does the world suppose I would not be on hand?

But we will hope better things for ourselves, at least for a while, and travel along in a, comparatively, moderate way. I have one qualification for the Presidency, certainly not common, and which ought to commend me to every man—oh! and every woman, too, for the office; and this is, that I have not the slightest desire for its honors, or power, or its remuneration; and that I would not accept it but to SAVE the country, and enable her to reassume her dignity, and glory, amidst an unprecedented growth of loose theories, and a vast field of peculation and current frauds—ruinous, at once, to her morals and her treasury.

I can say but little of details, nothing of the wide subject of slavery, and the disposal of the freedman, and but a word on the

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war, in the small space of a CIRCULAR. I will, however, remark, generally, that if any one wishes to know who the, comparatively, obscure and humble individual, now writing, is, let him look, *in part*, to the New Hampshire Gazette, (Portsmouth, my native place,) for my fourteen Numbers over the signature of Junius Brutus, in 1811; to the Bar of that State, confronted with Webster, in 1813; to my Pedestrian tour of four thousand miles through the western wildernesses with my rifle and dogs, the latter destroyed by a herd of wolves in the great Miami swamp—the tour commencing in the winter of 1818; to the Legislature of New Hampshire in 1823, '4, '5, '7; to my embarcation for Greece, against the Turks, in 1825, with a very high testimonial from General LaFayette; and to my re-election to the Legislatuee of New Hampshire, whilst on my voyage home, beating for six weeks, and half-wrecked, on our wintry coast, after an absence of fourteen months, bringing with me encomiums from the great officials of that country; to fourteen Numbers over the signature of "A MARYLANDER," in the National Intelligencer of Washington City; pending the election of General Harrison. The old citizens of Washington will remember them, though the authorship has remained secret until now—all the time the Hon. Reverdy Johnson having the credit of them.

My Platform for the Presidency, if any one should desire it, will always be ready—nothing kept back—a loophole for the equivocations of political casuistry. Every question, proper, and respectfully presented, will be promptly met, with a sincerity and candor, the glory of which shall cast into the shade all the Presidencies of earth.

With respect, again, to the, certainly, novel step—the tendering of myself for the Chief Executive Chair of the Nation, the present eventful state of the country makes it my DUTY; for I here feel answerable to God, for the powers he has given me, and which SHE has fostered by making me specially acquainted with her Spirit. And, besides, it is now quite too late to talk of a retiring delicacy—seeing the numerous stealthy aspirants for the office. And further, the man, whoever he may be, that hankers

for the Presidency, and gloats over its emoluments, should not be trusted. Think you, People of the United States, that the South has found no itching palms at the North? The South is wealthy. She had cause to speak loftily, aye, sarcastically, of KING COTTON, for she has hoarded up gold even now. Still further: In addition to the first great purpose—crushing the Rebellion—there should now be a new *Epoch* of official disinterestedness, and rectitude, and moral courage—harpooning off that loathsome shoal of sharks following in the wake of our ship of State, careening on a sea of blood!

As to the war, it must be cut short by success. The courage of our Leaders has not sufficiently savored of intrepidity, celerity of movement, combination, and the following up of achievments; and our disasters, some of them having but little excuse, have been too slow in their recuperations. But I have, nevertheless, a favorable opinion of the patriotism, talents, and current wisdom of the Administration. As just suggested, the war should be speedily ended; and it can be. Long wars are exhausting; and our expenditures of life and treasure alarm History, and blink of the throes of Revolution. I hope for, and expect, soon coming triumphs—even very decisive ones, in the south and southwest. But suppose severe reverses! What then? Why, EVERY man must spring to his feet, and grapple, or the nation perishes! Lee might have taken Washington ten times; and so might we have taken Richmond. Let us look ahead, and have a wide margin for unfavorable contingencies. For one thing, we must no longer wait for lagging-winters to pass away. Valley Forge was in the North; winters harder then than now; Philadelphia in the hands of the enemy; the hindrances of travel innumerable; and our resources, comparatively, nothing. Even Charles XII, of Sweden, almost in the region of perpetual congelation, scowled in scorn, upon the blasts from the Pole—without any of those sweet appliances from gentle Lady-hands that, at once, comfort the body, and inspire the soul of a true soldier—making him all chivalry.

But I must not forget that this is a mere Circular, and that I

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have got to count my shabby five-cent bills to see if I have money enough to pay the printer. Alas! poor in money—though rich in everything else.

Yet, I will not close just here, even now, and beg to say that the person, who next fills the Presidency, should be a whole—a sublime man, resting, with a giant grace on our primordial principles of Liberty and government, free from the entanglements of old party ties and pledges; and he should be able to say, NO! and he should be able to clearly and strongly perceive the simple truth—cutting a straight and broad track through all crooked paths, with a spirit, honest, unselfish, sincere, candid, morally brave, and in full consciousness of the rights and powers of an intelligent, patriotic, and Sovereign people—a sovereignty inherent, and always adequate to cover, as with a shield, the national existence, and her holy, better, and larger half—the Union.

ESTWICK EVANS.

Washington City, *April*, 1864.

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